

clash of souls

by sparten

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Summary: it started in 2006 when they first found earth but they were as low tech as us so do we really have a chance follow jon as he relives his strugeels to save his planet and how his soul was rocked down to its icy core pt 5 now up reviews requested

1. falling into memory

****Clash of Souls pt 1****

(Prologue)

November 18th 2015

Location: - London: - Buckingham palace: - ball room.

Time: - 21:05

Victory ball celebrating the total victory against the invading hordes of the 7 covenant races, and the recognition ceremony for the 20th Cheshire regiment volunteer heavy weapons wing.

The room was bright with a bright beautiful golden glow to it; the light aggravated my eyes through they were use to seeing in the harsh dim lights of war.

Dressed in a smartly pressed tuxedo I looked out of place with my now expressionless features that even the most accomplished psychiatrist could begin to try and read what type of mood I was in, my eyes once electric blue now reduced to a dull grey shadow of blue in sunken sockets in my face my hair once a bright radiant blond now only a shadow on my head, my skin once looked full of life now just hung firmly to my face with a pale glint to it. All this was because of a war that was started 9 years ago but not by a man by something that despised the very thought of the human race betting it, the covenant had found earth 10 years ago but studded us then they shown them selves to exterminate all life on are lush lively world.

The newly appointed AOAN's (Ambassador of All Nations) speech to the world celebrating the defence of the known world against the alien horde called the Covenant. "9 years ago the biggest question in our minds was answered "are we really alone in this universe" well it was no we are not alone but the horrifying thing about the answer was we were but teenagers to these ancient and vastly superior race, they were capable of sending their huge armada of warships to any planet to lay siege to it but they did not have peace in mind for our planet only death and destruction, whilst we attempted to contact their ships in orbit they planned attacks on our towns and cities their first attack was launched 9 years ago to the day

The first attack was aimed at a small unknown town called Ellesmere Port at 15:30 November 18th 2006, as to try catch them when most there was most traffic on the roads because of kids leaving school to cause the most chaos but we managed to get wind of their planes so began preparing defences in most towns however we believed they would go for one of the cities so most of the forces in the north west of England were sent to Liverpool and Manchester,

Only the Cheshire regiment were sent to Ellesmere Port to defend it they however collected additional help from the local men aged between 16-35 one of these was a J.Critchley who was only 17 looking forward to his 18th birthday that was just over a week away, he was a L.Cpl in the local ACF this earned him the command of the "20th Cheshire regiment volunteer heavy weapon wing" he only had 30 men in under his command

He was very curious to find out the reason why he and his men had been asked to volunteer, but all he got from his commanding officer was "England is under threat of invasion so we are preparing accordingly" his first orders were to make a reliable strong hold that was big enough for at least Half of the troops to be stationed in directly and be close enough to town to keep it in supply with military hardware and to allow refugees to be evacuated to the strong holds in Liverpool, this was a tall order considering Critchley was only 17 years old and the only reason he was given his command was because of his background with the cadets.

However that was 9 years ago when we learned we were not alone in this universe but that we were at least a 8th race residing within it, when the covenant of the 7 found Earth they were amused by our lack of space travel and studied us, however when they saw our potential to rise and challenge their dominance over this universe if we were to unlock the secrets of space travel, they feared us as we would best their troops in any shoot out and we would likely use the power of the ATOM to lay waste to their fleets, so they decided our fate for us "EXTINCTION" they did not even warn us of the desperate struggle they were about to force on us."

AOAN rambled on about myself and the vile Covenant, I found myself remembering what it was like at the beginning of the war when my wing was still considered a rookie volunteer not the ELITE strike force we had become during the long 9 years it had taken for us to finally drive the covenant out of Ellesmere Port and right back to their last spaceport and extermination camps in the whole of the British Isles. That was when I still had my free life, teenage healthy looks and a simple job in Burger King and a simple hobby in the army cadet force, I found myself losing concentration on the speech as it seemed to

drown out and become distant in my mind's eye I could see Ellesmere Port but it wasn't the dark, shelled wasteland it was now it was green and peaceful. Suddenly I can hear my breath in my head; time seemed to slow around me as people ask if I was ok as my features took a paler look then normal and my eyes glassed over and I started shaking the people around me looking more and more concerned from what little features I could see of there faces, then as I tried to get my eyes back in focus by squinting but upon opening them I felt the world stop a single drop of champagne dropping in my glass as some one refilled it and suggested I take a drink the rappels just escaping the centre of the clear golden liquid, as this happened I felt like I was falling back wards but had stopped half way.

I lost conciseness and when awoke it was to the sound of a trumpet sounding reveille I felt groggily but to my horror as I looked to a mirror to my left, I it was me but not me as I was at the end of the war I was still just 6ft'2 were at the end of the war I stood at a impressively intimidating 7ft'2 I did not have a clue of how I got there but as fast as I got there I forgot on how I got there and I only remembered being given the command of the 20th Cheshire regiment volunteer heavy weapon wing and being told to make a strong hold defensive position.

2. sparing as friends fighting as brothers

****Clash of Souls Pt 2 ****

Location: - Ellesmere Port

Date: - November 17th 2006

Time: - 0930

****Objective description brief from the journals of 2nd LT J.Critchley:-****

To complete are first objective we had took control of the local high school due to it's dominate position over looking the main road going through Ellesmere port, now each of its 3 levels of its lower building were garrisoned with 10 of my troops that were fresh out of the boot camp which had quickly been put together before the 20th HW wing was formed some of my best meats were under my command, one was a friend that I had come to call brother, his name was Daniel Barlow and he had all the trust I was willing to place in some one other then my self, Daniel looked very similar to myself apart from being a little shorter and chubbier as well as able to kick my arss from time to time, but some of the men thought I shouldn't of had the command as they believed me to be reckless in making sure I got the mission done, they thought I put the mission before the lives of my men.

The school had 3 building one upper school with the better science blocks and administration office's as well as more rooms, however there were to few of us to garrison it, so we chose the lower that was only 3 stores high and only had 4 to 5 class rooms on each floor making it easier to defend against a rush the 3rd building was the sports hall changing rooms with showers as well as the main sports hall for the school.

****Present situation of 2nd LT J.Critchley:-****

As my view cleared I realised I was not listening to revile on the trumpet but a mass murmur of voices as my senses returned to me I recognised my surroundings as the sports hall I was dressed in a tight white t-shirt with "born a civilian now a 20th winger" written on it with a picture of a SAW machine gun on it and a pair of loose fighting pants that looked like a part of a karate uniform, as I was looking I realised I was looking straight at my best friend Daniel Barlow who had taught me how to defend myself through martial arts, when I realised what was happening I realised that I was in a martial arts bout, against him to define how fast I was, seeing as I at one time had been the only one fast enough to out fight him.

As we steered off I corrected my stance to give my weight an even distribution between my feet to allow me to move my fastest, as Dan also corrected his stance we both put a serious look of concentration to the fight.

As I ran forward towards Dan he also started to run towards me as a massive cheer erupted from the crowd that had gathered in the hall, but before I could look at them Dan was in front of me so before I had even noticed Dan was throwing his first punch I had grabbed it and twisted his arm right around his back and let my left hand grabbed his Addams apple effectively demobilizing but before I could throw him to the floor, he had flipped himself to the way I had twisted his arm so that I lost my grip but as he was in the air just as he was to land on his feet I pivoted on one foot spinning as fast as I could landing my kick squarely on his chest sending him 7 ft in the opposite direction to me as I took a deep breath of air Dan spat a small amount of blood on to the floor, as he stood up he looked at me as though I had really just kicked a hornets nest that was 200 times bigger than average.

As we recomposed ourselves he shouted at me "well Jon you finally managed to hit me with that move and to be fair it pities my heart for a while then" as I laughed to this statement from him I knotted something out side like a distortion of light like a heat wave, but before I could look at it directly it was gone so I thought nothing of it and proceeded to focus on my fight at hand.

As we rallied at each other again for another fight, but as we clashed this time Dan never held back against me slamming me in the chest with his elbow effectively winding me for a brief period of time, but in this time Dan followed up with a strong boot aimed for my face but just as it was about to hit I managed to get my arms out to grab it taking a large shuddering breath I lunged forward toppling Dan over backwards while I landed a bone crushing punch to his chest, feeling the familiar sense of flesh against solid bone of the rib cage, as I made the punch I dropped down to my hands and flip my feet round against Dan's knocking him off his feet and crashing to the floor with a loud thunderous crunch against the floor,

as he picked himself off the floor he knelt on his knees placing his hands on his knees and bowing down to symbolise that he had given up breathing hard to catch my breath back I bowed back in respect to this sign to show Dan that I accepted his surrender.

As I got changed into my combat kit and checked my weapon I heard the officers on the range barking fire control orders to the men to fire 30 rounds into the target ahead in the grouping of at least 2 inches,

I looked at the clock it was now 1230 and the normal routines were well on there way but to day I had decided for a position inspection on the entire building scheduled for 1500.

I made my tour of the men like clock work making sure all weapons were ready to be used at a moments notice, then following that a small session of simulated fire fights to insure that the men could shoot at they're own should they need to, as well as test there physical boundaries to see were they could hold under pressure and with what equipment they excelled at using.

The day went pretty smoothly up until about 1505h when a Lieutenant arrived with about 40 new recruits that had just gone through the advanced training techniques to be put under my command and reinforced my wing taking the wing to about 70 men strong but with a lot of civilians being evacuated that day and assign them a position in the building, I could only review there weapon skills but as a unnatural silence fell over the port even the traffic of the refugees leaving the town echoed there was still a silence over the land so not believing that it was not just coincidence I posted sentries at most of the points surrounding the school and checked every one was combat ready for the next day.

It was about 1525h and we were still waiting for whatever was out there to show its self as I preceded to the armoury I insured that every one had signed for there weapons before signing for two myself after thinking long and hard I decided on taking a SA-80A2 rifle that was fed by a 30 round magazine which used 5.56mm calibre anti-personal rounds and had a UGL (Underslung Grenade Launcher) attached to its underside that used a belt or slide and load reload mechanism as well as a PSG1 sniper rifle that had a 20 round magazine that fired a 7.62 HE (High Explosive) shell capable of penetrating 6 inches of cement and 3 inches of titanium.

I proceeded to my command point on the roof of the building were my only radio operator was waiting having given the order for all troops to stand to at the positions there was a large amount of men now waiting anxiously in there defensive positions, as I looked out over the yard all was quit not much was moving there wasn't even any wind, as I checked my watch it was 1529h and a distant thunder had taken the noise but something did not seam natural about it that I could not put my finger on.

As time seemed to slowly pass the thunder grew louder and fiacre until I finally realized to my horror that it was not thunder raging in the clouds as a wing of new euro fighter aircraft swept over the school and towards a break in the clouds were I could see a wing off fighters I could not quit make out approached from the horizon as the euro's lunched there sidewinder missals at the unidentified air craft I un slung my PSG1 and brought the sight to my eye to get a better view of the UAC (Unidentified Air Craft) I finally got a bead on one of the lead and saw the smooth purple polished surface of a covenant Phantom, as the breath exhaled from my lungs in shock the trooper caught me by my arm and asked what was the matter I told him to see for him self whilst opening a com channel to all my troops as I awaited confirmation that all positions were listening I informed them of the approaching danger as the first of the phantoms took a direct hit

from one of the sidewinders it started to shake violently heading for

the yard with a high pitched scream as it steadily picked up speed while hurling to the yard, with one last message to my troops I just wished them good luck and to remember all their training to hold this building at all cost.

As the blazing Phantom slammed into the ground with a ground braking crunch of metal meeting solid concrete it slid to a stop though heavily banged up faint noises could still be heard from it as the rear of the trashed Phantom slowly opened with a hiss and sparks flying from the exposed circuits a scream of hatred echoed out of the confines of the ship as a 3 digit hand grabbed the side of the burning wreckage and pulled its body out to stand to its full height of roughly 8ft6 in the smoke but not completely visible except the fact it was a far way from looking human this figure was swiftly followed by roughly 5-7 smaller stumper looking beings as they walked out in to the open another 5 of the larger beings exited from the raked craft.

As I quickly gave the order to fire on my tracer only there was a loud noise of weapons being prepped for the pending battle that looked like it was looming over us intimidating us to make the first move, as the huge figure exited the smoke to my horror my worst fear was confirmed as a tall 8ft 6 elite looked over the ground then directly at each of us, the light shimmering off its golden armour as I knelt down with my PSG1 firmly in my grasp I removed the safety checked the action and brought the sight to my eye, as the elites head slowly looked around its squidish mouth gaping I placed my cross hairs over the forehead of the beast as surprisingly it began to shout in a rough but barely understandable English tone "**Bugs of this planet that you call Earth, the Covenant have come to do this universe a favour and exterminate this cancer known as the HUMAN race from its bodyâ€¦|." **As the elite groaned on about our impending demise at the hands of the covenant I got bored of it trying to intimidate us and with a faint smile slowly started pulling the trigger as I kept its head in my sights as I suddenly felt the trigger snap backwards a ear splitting creak filled the air as the elites head exploded into a fine purple mist of blood and shattered bone as the HE round detonated in the foot of the grunt behind it starting a chain reaction as shrapnel from the shell ruptured its methane breathing mechanism on its back detonating in a fine plasma blue fire ball after a thunderous roar of gun fire shook the entire building the small band of covenant were quickly mowed down within a space of a minute.

As I lead a small band of troops to investigate the alien bodies a elite that had been shot 3 times in the chest was still alive as we all surrounded it, the alien spoke with a clear determination in its voice "you may have killed us but are battle brothers of the covenant will avenge every last one of us you killed here today" as I laid down my SA-80 on the floor out of the creatures reach I whispered in its ear with a soft none caring voice "we humans have waged war for most of our time against one another and unfortunately for you covenant we've found that were damn fucking good at it" as it laughed at this I merely removed my knife from its pouch and placed it to its throat and with one last sentence using the same voice in its ear I vowed "I will see all of you in hell" as I raised the knife in the air and brought it down with a sickening squelch as it easily sliced its way through the elites exposed neck.

Rounding on the men I could see a large air battle break out between

what looked like covenant seraph fighters and a large amount of British euro fighters the war had just started!

3. painful truths painful fight

Clash of Souls Pt3

As the sticky dark purple blood of the elite trickled out on the floor I felt a grim pride at what I said and letting it know how useless it was that it wasn't worth a 3rd bullet, as my NCOs who were in charge of different fire squads positioned through out the building all with a look of shock on there face that it was actually a alien invasion we were combating the covenant the most well know foe of the gaming world were actually attacking us.

As they collected evidence of this attack a high pitched screeching sound pierced the air, well away from the air battle as I looked up it was just in time to roll out the way of a pod screaming its way down to Earth, as it crashed the front blown of and out dived an elite as if it knew exactly were I was, as the elite stood to its full height in front of me 5 more of the pods landed nearly hitting Dan who was just re-emerging from the depths of the crashed phantom with a look of shame upon his face as he also saw the insidious covenant on are land agene but I could not shack the feeling that the look on his face was one of guilt not anger.

As the hurried sound of magazines being slammed home to a empty magazine housings then the clicking of there weapons actions loading a new round into its breach chamber and the final click of the safety catch being switched to off as the elite that had landed first stared at me I felt the strong presence of my ego scream at me, to prove to the covenant that we were not bugs that could be squashed under a heal of a boot, but a lion trapped in its pit to them and if they should try to destroy this lion this lion fights back twice as hard.

As I stood to my full height of 6ft 2 I looked the elite long and hard in the eye as I gave the order to hold fire, all the man reluctantly lowered there weapons following my order. As I drew a long calm breath I watched as Dan pick up 2 laser sharpened katana as he drew them out of there special delivery pack he shouted my name piercing the silence that had descended over the grounds like a fine mist, throwing it to me as I grabbed the handle of the sword as it past my face, removing the sword from the sling and drawing it out as the sound of the metal shimmering in the wind around it echoed to a silent rhythm of its own a accord as I prepared my stance and held the sword towards the elite with all the strength in my voice I yelled at it "you piece of shit's I challenge your leader to a duel to the death and my 2ic also challenges your 2nd in command to a duel as well" as Dan stood by my side two of the elites stepped forward to accept the duel, they could barely contain there howls of laughter.

With a look of disgust on my face that they laugh in there own tongue at my challenge to them then just accept it, it really pissed me off, but they were laughing harder when I said Dan would also challenge them, harder then when I challenged them.

As I unslung my webbing and handed my weapons to a trooper just

behind me as all the elites quickly surrounded my self and Dan, as one of the elites backed off I redid my sword shaking off the tension in my body but a new feeling of confusion was just behind it, as I saw the elite bow to some thing just out of my sight it also joined the cercal so I just thought that the elites commander was back in the centre but as I saw what was in the elites hand I froze to the spot as in the elites hand was the long body of a SA-80A2 assault rifle.

As my senses were finally driven back to me I straightened my self whilst looking at the look of confusion on my men's faces I suddenly realised why Dan had been in the phantom and why when he came out he was not taken aback by the sudden appearance of 7 elites all dressed in a glimmering gold armour and why the elites had not looked down upon him as they had myself.

As Dan took a knee in front of the Elite that had stepped forward in response to my challenge I griped the handle of my katana harder then I had ever done before as old memories started to make crystal clear the reasons why he had trained my was to keep his consensus clear so then he knew that if the human race survived due to the actions of a traitor and a loyal fighter then he would die in peace on a clear consensus and if mankind was doomed to its fate in hell then he knew he would have at lest given them a fighting chance in the fight.

As I looked back at Dan he was receiving some sort of injection from the Elite that was standing at its full height over him, as the dark purple liquid was forced into Dan's blood stream it left a dark sticky residue on the glass of the syringe mechanism.

After what felt like hours passed Dan stood up and faced me, as he did so he had a look of great achievement, as he raised his sword the engines of the downed phantom roared into life then died to a low humming murmur. Bathing the dim lit yard in its eerie plasma blue light.

What seemed like an eternity passed before Dan finally spoke in a dangerously calm slow voice "sorry Jon but you should know, today's friends are not always tomorrow's allies, and a lot of the time yesterday's enemies are today's allies." As I had a look of deep hurt on my face whilst I was looking in to his eyes I had given him all the trust I was willing to put in a fellow man but he betrayed me all the same but even now there was something different about him his eyes were now a deep black and it looked like he had a split lower lip his voice started to become strained as if he was being held in a choke lock.

As Dan just seemed to stare right through me I began to realise that he was no longer a comrade but my arc rival in this war as now he was in every way my opposite in views but we were equals in a fight, or at least we were.

Grasping the sword tightly in my hand I raised challenging Dan to the duel as one elite approached him but what it said brought a freezing chill to my lungs "Master allow me to dispose of this vermin it is not worthy of the attention of some one as wise as you are, he who told us this was the lowest point on the humans defence list so it would only have 1 regiment at its defence, you who have vowed to insure us victory on this planet in return for asylum within are grasp.", but Dan acted like I knew he would to a challenge, pushing

the elite aside and striding confidently towards me, and with one thunderous stamp towards me he lunged himself head on at me.

As he lunged straight at me forcing me to a quick defence I just managed to raise my own blade to keep my head on my neck as blow followed blow in light bending speed the sparks of flint that had been used to coat one of the blades sparking brightly with each blow brought to bear against each other I felt Dan's attacks grow stronger with each stick bringing a sharp shattering pain to my wrists, as I saw a brief opening Dan had made at his neck area by sticking too low to try and take off one of my feet as I brought up my blade blazing against the flint coat on Dan, I brought it up and just as I was bringing it down to decapitate the bastard I felt the sword fly out my hands then immoderately followed by a hard force to my chest lifting me off my feet only to have a heavy handed punch, to my chest follow through and crack me in my rib cage sending me flying through the cold night air, as I felt a sudden barrier behind me shatter I realised that the injection Dan had received had made him incredibly powerful as I realized I was laying in one of the ground floor corridors its windows shattered by my passing through them in the distance I could see the swords both pined into a tree on the field the moonlight glistening on them brightly, in the solitude and silence that had now descended following my flight through the window, I could tell my men thought I was dead but I knew that now I could not beat Dan by any normal means or a miracle for me to beat him in a sword duel.

As I stood up I got a strong sickening taste of copper in my mouth as I spat it out to prevent my self from vomiting I realised it was blood, Dan had landed 1 punch and already I had blood in my mouth.

As I stepped out of the shattered window and back into the field Dan was still standing confidently defiant in the centre of the yard as the weather started to worsen lightning started to strike the school in a flurry of electric fury as I walked to confront Dan once more I realized how silent the school was remembering the speaker system that had been installed, I opened a one way com channel to my troops ordering them to put "Faint" by Linkin park on full blast

The beat of the rhythm penetrating into my very core, awakening my soul to new possible moves, as I was about 12 feet from Dan I just spread my arms wide with my feet spread apart and brought my hands forward in to a defence knowing thrills of fights long gone and the speed I could not match Dan with as a source of determination, letting out a chuckle fitting of only someone about to lose there mind.

As all the strength I had returned to my fist I looked up a lightning glare in my electric eyes, feeling a power I had long thought dead in my heart erupt like a volcano I could feel my eyes crackling with electric fury, as I looked at Dan he could tell I had just had a massive inspirational boost to my fighting needs, extending my arm out in a mocking jester asking him to try it with a one finger salute beaconing him for the fight and comically adding "If you think you can hit me that is".

WRITERS NOTES

_It has been a long time since I posted so I've made it a very long

one leaving it on a cliff-hanger well don't that sound familiar
(jesters towards HALO 2's ending)_

4. abrupt departure and first orders

****Clash of Souls Pt 4****

****Key:-** if you see (()) then that means that I am thinking to my self. ******

****IF** you see ****_Italics _****then that means I am reading a letter or note.******

****So** read on and enjoy the story and remember don't forget to review******

As Dan laughed he tried to rush me but the only problem was there was a good 90 meters between us both so instead of letting him attack my when he was around half way I made my decision leaning forward I began sprinting head at Dan who now resembled a hybrid between human and a Elite.

As Dan drew back his fist to try whacking me in he face as soon as we meat, I shown my hand of my ploy of running at him using the speed to flipping right over him grabbing him by the neck and as I landed tossing him right back into the open bay of the phantom.

Seeing the look of surprise on his face but before he could get up to carry on the fight the Elite that had started the Phantoms engines, whispering into his ear, then without incident or even them firing a shot the elites retreated in to the Phantom.

Feeling relived at the end of the fight but bitter that my closest ally had gone turncoat to the enemy, left a bitter taste in my mouth even stronger then that of the blood that had regurgitated into my mouth, in the split second it took to clear my mouth of blood I looked up and realised that I should have given a order to arm stingers but before I could even breath I had to throw my self to the right in a dive where I had placed my weapons and webbing just managing to grab the webbing, I had to dive behind a wall once more to prevent my self from getting hit by a flurry of plasma bolts from the Phantom.

Feeling how desperate my situation was, I found my side arm grumbling that it wouldn't even dent the things paint work, as I rummaged through my webbing pockets looking for anything that would takeout one of its turrets, finally I found a magazine for my M9 but it was loaded with blanks, as I re-entered the same pocket I found some very handy pistol fired rockets changing the mag to the blanks I fitted the first rocket the muzzle of the handgun and cocked it, loading a new blank into the chamber, as I gave one last pray to God I spun out of cover with the handgun held ready in the aimed position with my thumb clicking off the safety as I did so and putting the forward muzzle turret in my sights, as I pulled the trigger the hammer struck the firing pin striking the rounds cordite charge witch realised a force of heated gas down the chamber witch ignited the rockets population sending it clear of the handgun and screaming towards its target, as time seemed to blur as the smoking trial of the rocket screaming its way through the Phantoms attempts to shoot it down

until finally after a ear splitting explosion followed soon after by a metallic thud of the nose turret crashing to the ground, a cheer erupted as about 3 more larger stinger fired rockets slammed into the front of the Phantom crippling the right engine and taking out there last two nose turrets in the loudest explosion I had ever heard.

As the medics came up to me to check me over for internal injuries from Dans thunderous kick that had sent me through the window as the familiar sense of a slow trickle of liquid down my arm I simple pulled up my sleeve reviling a large piece of glass sticking right into the bone but had missed all the major arteries.

But as my new 2ic came up to me he had a look of displeasure on his face one like he had just heard some of the worst news in his life, as he saluted my rank I returned it with a quick salute of my own, as I asked for him to request orders from regional HQ he simple handed me a sealed envelope addressed to me personal, my instincts told me who it was from as soon as I saw my name scribbled on the envelope and it wasn't HQ.

As I entered the make sift med centre I tore open the letter scanning the message as the medics patched up my arm after removing the glass shard,

Dear 2nd Lt Jonathan Alan Critchley

If you are reading this then I have likely defected to the covenant and if I haven't then I probably only have 2 seconds left to live, right now your asking yourself "why did Dan turn why didn't he help us in humanities last stand for survival against this ultimate evil." well Jon its probably because I have a prophecy that foretold of this day foretells humanity survival of this so called last stand, you see I have probably become more powerful and faster then you may ever think you will achieve, however you will achieve this If the prophecy is true.

I am sorry Jon but I have captured your family hurt your cozens family and now I will hunt you to the end of this Earth and if I get as much as a wife that you have a girl friend then I will hunt her down torture her and make her scream your name, and then I will kill you after you finish watching me kill her in the slowest ways you can ever think of. So Jon don't think of me as an "old friend" for now we are true nemesis so prepare your self because that plan of mine will end in your death one way or another.

Good hunting and to your inevitable death

_ Dan._

As the blood ran cold in my neck that he had planed this for so long I could do nothing but shudder at his timing for his betrayal.

But the time for grievance was cut short as Andy my best friend who I had known since a toddler and was now the commander of seconded squad of the 20th volunteer heavy weapon wing, stepped through the door with a flustered look on his face and holding a card in his hand as he took a long shuddering breath before starting to read the orders in a cool rehearsed tone of voice that suited his features well it looked like he had been unfortunate enough to be hit by a falling peace of timber when the phantom crashed in the yard shown by a large

swelling black eye on his right side of his face.

In the most uncaring voice I could manage at the moment considering the situation we were in I simple asked for the orders to read them myself. As Staff Sergeant Robinson handed over are orders he paused before turning round to leave, it didn't take a physiatrist to now that he had a question, so before he could even say a word I simple cut him off in a simplistic tone "before you start cooler (slang for Staff Sergeant) what is it you want to ask?" wincing as the large shard was removed from its home in my arm then as the wound was stitched back together with a single thread of sterilised nylon cord.

"Well begin your pardon sir I mean no disrespect but a-are you in any fit state to lead the 1st squad now with your arm with a slash init."

Taking a deep breath of passing the time I simple allowed the medics to do there work but as the finished the stitching and cleaning it they turned to a small arm bracer that hummed and crackled with artificial life, attaching it to my arm I simply needed to place my hand in its titanium gantlet and letting the titanium casing seal around my arm.

In a sarcastic tone of ending his queries "Well now with this I could use a fuckin M61A1 Vulcan cannon with out the stand so, ya I think I can handle it."

As Robison turned to exit I looked at my new orders with curiosity.

_Orders from HM MOD (Her Majesties Ministry Of Defence) _

2ndLt J A Critchley

_Primary Orders are as follows:- _

Primary: - select 3 of your troops and prepare the rest for helicopter extraction at 1630hours your time.

Primary: - you are to lead the 3 troops of your choice and commence imitate griller operations behind enemy lines in Ellesmer Port targeting troops and equipment.

No secondary obj's

As I found my self alone in the mash I thought who to take. There was Robinson he was a good shot with any rifle so he was my first choice, then there was my sisters fiancÃ©e, I had promised to my sister I would watch out for despite being the younger of us both I would keep him safe but if that note was true then I am sure he would want to be there to help me get Sue back he was also as strong as an bull so he was a good heavy weapon wielder and then there was lee a mad man with a neck for blowing shit sky high just to see how high it can fly before freefalling back to earth he had no reasons to question my command as I had given him command of 3rd squad.

As I looked around I noticed there were no windows in the mash and the door was closed but I felt a faint draft on my shoulder witch had a sickening stale stench to it, as I turned round to see what was

behind me I saw the shimmer of what looked like a heat wave but before my brain could realize what it was I had thrown myself backwards to avoid a plasma sword from taking off my head.

Doing a elegant 180 degree flip whilst withdrawing my side arm in mid-air and letting the safety fly off with a casual flick of my thumb and aiming for the haze letting off a rapid accurate burst at it.

As the sound of tearing flesh and splintering armour and bone roared through gun shots and in to the silence of the corridors the haze dropped to the floor in a slump.

As the light seemed to reshape around it then I could just make out the elite lying on the ground gripping its chest on its right side where the bullets had tore through it.

With a simple flick of my wrist I flung a scalpel up into the air, leaping up catching it just at the tip and lunging it at the elite as it prophesied my demise at the hands of his brothers, with the same sound of tearing sinew a fountain of purple blood erupted from the elite's neck.

((Well let's get this war to a kick start and get these orders done and to get back at Dan for turning his back on not just me but his whole damn species.))

5. Waking from a memory

****Waking from a memory ****

As I continued to read the orders I realised this was going to be earth's last stand no matter what we did unless we could knock out their carriers in space they could just keep sending their aircraft to where ever the hell they wanted to.

First in was Robinson and before he even saluted I waved his arm down I was in no mood for crap like that.

As Robinson, Roberts and Hammond's entered the room and stood to attention patiently waiting to know why they had been requested.

They all stood tall not showing any sign of shock from the first encounter with this new threat although they did wonder why there was an elite's body behind the table with a scalpel in its neck.

As I shook their hands and thanked them for showing up I removed my Kevlar helmet and they followed suit.

The briefing only lasted 10 minutes but I left the fact that my family had been captured to avoid the sympathy I would receive from Lee and Andrew.

Coming to the end of the briefing I got a message on my sat system

As I opened the message from command on my systems screen it had a list of equipment that had been cleared for use in the field and

the first thing I noticed was that a new suit of battle armour was being sent as well as 3 spec armour all 4 suits were synced to a video relay system, and a secure radio system. As I finished reading it showed who was cleared for what armour.

As I continued through the note I discovered that the armour was all deferent in there own way mine had a AI that could analyse any situation and hack any system. From the suits details it had just been sent back to the UK from operations and been sent for my use.

And the spec armours all suited different aspects of battlefield combat roles IE sniper, demolitions and Heavy weapons specialist

As the Chinook landed in the yard the armour was removed and the troops reluctantly entered.

As the last few troops hurried on they looked back at 4 shadows perched on the top of the school.

The wind picked up after that so we retreated in doors, to the stock room where the armour was we all had is new weapons with us; I had a brand new SA-80A3 and a PSG1 type 4 with a fitted tripod. Lee also had a SA-80A3 but was fully weighed down with new demolition equipment including a M79A2 snap barrel grenade launcher. But Pete now looked like a walking gun platform loaded with a SAWA2 and numerous LAW's he looked more like action man then a trooper. Robinson was tucked in a corner nursing a new M101CS sniper rifle that but my PSG1 to shame it was a bulky thing it looked more like a beret class more then anything else but had a new muzzle that had magnets that repelled the round out of the chamber instead of just firing it, this gave it a lot more punch then any other rifle at are disposal.

As we reached the room we could hear more and more phantoms flying in over head while we changed into the brand new armour.

As I took off my jacket and strip to just my vest I was forced to remove my arm bracer but the wound was almost fully healed any way nowâ€¦|somehow.

'Jonâ€¦| Jon' the voice was quite, a little above a whisper but it didn't come from any one in the room, it was every where all at once.

Lee turned to face me with a blank look on his face, his mouth hanging open, his eyes had nothing, no soul no conciseness nothing just two empty shells in there sockets. His mouth slightly agape "you failed them Jon, you failed us, you failed everyone and you will fail in the undertaking you are planning." His voice was familiar but it wasn't lee's voice I recognised it as.

Standing defiantly upright and fixing the corpse with a cold hard stare and noticed the true person there and let out a small chuckle "so how long have you had me in this."

At this he must have realised I was onto him and slowly the corpse I recognised as lee dissolved and in its place stood a tall dark fellow that once had all the respect I could give a men. "What took you so long Jon you usually wake up a lot faster then this."

"Well what can I say I enjoy the trip"

'Jonâ€| wake upâ€| get up Jon' the voice came again but I was awake wasn't I!

"Dan you know your going to lose so why don't you stop mind hacking me and just find me and fight me like we used to, oh and speaking of which, how's the shoulder" at the end of that I couldn't hide a smirk any longer.

Something wasn't right I felt like I was being shaken, then out of nowhere a light entered my eyes blinding everything out of my sight.

When the light moved I was looking at a gold ceiling and a lot of faces looking down at me, I was drenched in cold sweat and my mind felt like I had just downed a bottle of Jack Daniela's Whisky, I couldn't recognise where I was. Then my mind was flooded with nine years worth of memories and not one of them was of killing Dan the only target that mattered to me was some one that betrayed me nine years ago.

One memory stuck out from the swarm I was looking at Dan down the scope of a SA-80 but when I fired he jump to the side and the round only hit him in the shoulder.

As I put my hand on my chest I felt a familiar shape of a 7.62mm casing it was the casing of the round, it was the round that had hit Dan and reminded me he was still mortal.

'You ok Jon' the voice was famine, unfamiliar.

Standing up tall, my body felt wrong my arms were too long I was too tall, my body felt 'alien' to me now.

Shrugging the sensations to the back of my mind I lost my balance and stumbled only to be righted by the owner of the voice.

Looking at her face I immediately meat with a pair of harsh but some how soft hazel eyes, long soft dark hair and a perfectly shaped face, all I could think was how beautiful she was but I couldn't shake my sight from her eyes she just captivated and demeaned my attention somehow.

End
file.